

## You are by Jancys\_Blue\_Bayou

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**Summary:**

"Me too. But just... ugh. He treats me like an idiot and I sure feel like one when he talks down to me like that..." Jonathan mutters and lols his head back into the back cushions, closing his eyes.

"Well you're not," she says. He doesn't respond. She resolves to climbing into his lap. He opens his eyes when he feels her bare thighs straddle him. She locks her arms around his neck. His automatically go to her sides. "You're not," she insists and kisses him.

She's determined to rid him of this mood, of the bad, wildly incorrect thought that he's an idiot. She really wants to give that jackass a piece of her mind but most of all she wants to remind Jonathan of how awesome he is and make him feel better.

## You are

### Author's Note:

For an anon prompt on tumblr: "Smutty fic where Jancy is in college and Jonathan has a shitty professor who treats him like he's a kid and he comes home so frustrated and Nancy has to help him relax"

He's in a bit of a mood, she can tell as soon as he walks into the apartment. After all these years together she can read him pretty good, just like he can her. Even before she lays eyes on him she knows he's frustrated and a little angry. It's enough just to hear him close the front door with a bit more force than normal, hear him kick off his scuffed Converse and even the way he takes his jacket off and hangs it on the rack. It's all done more forcefully than normal. It's not like he's slamming things but he's usually so soft and gentle in the way he carries himself that the slightest change is noticeable to her. When he walks into the living room she can see how drained he looks. The corners of his mouth briefly turn upward as he first lays his eyes on her where she's lounging on the couch in just her panties and his red flannel shirt which is so comfortable.

"Hey," he mumbles.

"Hey," she mirrors, sitting up. "What's up? Long day? Bad day?"

"Yeah," he sighs, shuffling over to the couch and dropping down next to her in it, leaning back into the cushions. "How was your day?"

"Good. Better now, I missed you," she answers. She reaches out and plays with the hair at the back of his neck.

"Ugh, I missed you so much," he groans, shutting his eyes briefly and relaxing into her touch.

"So what happened?" She prods.

"Nothing. Just... I hate Mr. Bradshaw so much..."

"He's the one you have for art history right?"

"Yeah. He's such a stuffy snob. And he thinks I'm dumb. Treats me like a kid it feels like."

"How?"

"He doesn't think photography is 'real art' or whatever. The class is on modernism and post-modernism but all he talks about is paintings and a few installations, like Duchamp or whatever, but he's not said one word about photography at all, in any of the lectures. Or well, just in relation to 'real art', like how the invention of photography made painters shift away from realistic portraits to other stuff but he hasn't said a word about photography as art. So I finally had to raise my hand and just ask what he thought of the importance of photographers in modern art, since he doesn't mention them. And he just chuckled at me and said that since there's not enough time to go through the entirety of modern art he's focusing on the important bits that's influenced it the most. So I raised my hand again and said that photography is important in art and that it's weird to not include it at all. And he just rolled his eyes and said he'd rather focus on the really influential artists and not some little niche... so I said art photography isn't some little niche, that it's important. And he laughed again and asked if anyone could name an artist, not a journalist or documentarian, using photography as his mode of expression, and no one said anything since everyone's scared of him and he got this self-satisfied smirk when no one said anything so I just named a couple like Sally Mann and Anne Leibowitz and he kept smirking and when I mentioned Robert Mapplethorpe he laughed out loud and said he personally wouldn't count 'some queer porn' as art and then he said that he knows that I 'likes to run around with my little camera' which apparently is 'a fine hobby' but it doesn't mean photography is 'real art' or at least not influential enough to warrant being discussed on the course and that he himself prefers to go to MoMA to look at art 'rather than the pages of Rolling Stone or some seedy back alley locale in Queens which young Mr. Byers maybe prefers'. And everyone stared at me then and he moved on to drone on more about Picasso or whatever. So he thinks I'm an idiot and had to make me look like one or a creep or whatever and ugh, this sucks. Plus he's going to grade me later!"

She listens intently to Jonathan's stream-of-consciousness, growing

more and more incensed the more she hears.

"Well, he's the idiot not you," she starts.

He shrugs and looks away so she turns his head towards her, making him look at her.

"Seriously, what an ass! Where does the crummy old geezer live? I just wanna talk to him..."

Jonathan gives her a small smirk in response.

"Upper West Side or something probably," he rolls his eyes.

"Bet. Seriously I wanna smack him for speaking to you like that. And you were totally right! Of course photography is art, and if you don't include it in your class on modern art your class sucks! And he's ignorant, he can shut up about his MoMA stuff, we go to MoMA too! But we go both there and to the place in Queens and I for one thought Mapplethorpe's exhibit was way cooler than what we saw at MoMA."

"Me too. But just... ugh. He treats me like an idiot and I sure feel like one when he talks down to me like that..." Jonathan mutters and lols his head back into the back cushions, closing his eyes.

"Well you're not," she says. He doesn't respond. She resolves to climbing into his lap. He opens his eyes when he feels her bare thighs straddle him. She locks her arms around his neck. His automatically go to her sides. "You're not," she insists and kisses him.

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"You're a genius," she tells him before kissing him again. "You would do a better job of teaching that class yourself. You know more about art than he does since you don't exclude a whole mode like he does. You're super smart. You got into Tisch and you're crushing it. And your GPA was as good as mine and that means you're super smart because you said I'm super smart so." Another kiss. She really can't

get enough of the feel of his lips against hers. "And talented. You make art. And it's amazing. You're so good, you see things no one else sees and you capture it perfectly."

Another kiss.

"And you're brave. You fight monsters with me. You save the world with me. You'll stare down any danger to protect me, Will, your mom. You're brave all the time, you dare to speak up for yourself, like today. Not everyone does that."

Kiss.

"You're strong. So strong. You'd carry the whole world on your shoulders for us if we asked. You endured Lonnie, you took it all from him to shield Will, to protect him. You've always taken care of Will, and your mom. And you take care of me, you do everything for me."

Kiss.

"You're kind. You're the best person in the world ever. You take care of us so good and you make us so happy. Just being with you makes me the happiest person in the world. You're so good, so kind, to everyone who deserves it. I know you haven't believed me when I've told you this in the past but I'm serious when I say that my friends are jealous of me because I have you. They see how you are, how you treat me and they want that too. Really, they've literally told me. When Andrea whined about how hard it is to find someone I said it couldn't be that bad and she said it was easy for me to say because I already had the perfect guy locked up. And Erica, Josie and Lori all said that what they want in a guy is basically you. Polly thinks I got the last good man in the world. Seriously, have you noticed how many sucky guys there are out there in the world? And how you are the complete opposite of them all? You are a catch, Jonathan. You're the best and I'm never letting you slip away and I love you more and more each day and-"

He kisses her, deeper than the short sweet kisses she kept pressing to his lips. It takes her breath away. That's amazing too, how he's still able to take her breath away with just a kiss. But it's never *just a kiss* with Jonathan. It's everything.

"I love you," he murmurs against her lips when they finally break apart for air.

"You're also the best kisser in the world. Granted I haven't kissed many but I can't imagine someone else beating this," she says when she's regained her breath and presses her lips to his again. He eagerly responds. She slips her tongue in between his lips and he meets it with his and it makes her heart speed up as always.

"And you're beautiful," she murmurs between kisses, stroking her thumb across his cheek as they continue making out.

She slips her tongue in his mouth again and grinds against him a little. He moans into her mouth. She can feel his stiffness pressing against her thigh. Feeling him pressing against her, hearing him moan and knowing it's all because of her, she loves that. And it really turns her on, feeling him against her. She grinds more and is rewarded with more soft moans.

"And you're fucking hot," she whispers in his ear.

"You..." he starts but is sidetracked when she grinds against him yet again. After another moan has escaped his lips he finishes his sentence. "...are."

His hands roam up the front of the flannel shirt she's wearing. He glances up at her for confirmation, she excitedly nods and he starts unbuttoning her shirt. When it falls open, revealing her nude breasts right away since she didn't have a bra on underneath his eyes bulge out.

"Oops," she jokes.

She shrugs the shirt off completely. He pulls her in closer to him and buries his face against her chest. She's very happy to push herself up towards him, cradling his head and stroking his hair as he kisses her left boob. When he gently suckles her nipple it is she who moans loudly. She's very sensitive in this area and he knows just how to treat her, to make her feel good, to absolutely drive her wild. He plays with his lips and tongue over her breasts until both her nipples point out hard, and not for a cold room, and her panties have gotten

a wetness she wonders if he can feel through his jeans. Jeans, why is he still wearing those? Time to rid him of them. She tugs on his sweater, pulling it over his head. She lets out a pleased, giddy noise at the sight of his naked torso and runs her hands over his broad shoulders and chest.

When she slides out of his lap down to the floor he lets out a tiny noise of displeasure as her body gets off of his. When she while on her knees unbuttons his fly though his mouth forms into an O. She can't get over the fact that he still gets that look every time she goes down on him, even after all these years and the countless times she's done it. She tugs on his jeans and he's quick to lift himself up slightly so she can pull them and his underwear fully off. His cock glistens with precum and she wets her lips.

She takes his hard cock in one hand and his soft hand in the other. They often hold hands during sex, it's just intimate and *nice*. She especially loves to do it when she's blowing him. To feel how his grip of her hand tightens when she puts her lips to the tip and takes him in her mouth. He gasps and his fingers loosens and then tightens over hers as she sucks down on him. She looks up at him and sees him staring down at her in awe. His other hand reaches out and tucks some loose strands of hair behind her ear, a sweet gesture. He keeps the hand in her hair, playing a little with it while she sucks his cock.

"Nance," he moans after a few minutes and gently tugs her hand upwards, to him. "I can't take much more," he gets out. She slowly pulls back, letting her lips run up the length of his cock until it pops out of her mouth. She smiles at him, she knew.

Still holding his hand she gets up off her knees, assisted by him. Standing up she swiftly pulls her wet panties off with her other hand. With a smirk she shoves them into his hand.

"This is because of you," she informs him in a low, husky voice. He blushes.

When she straddles him again he quickly tosses her panties aside and puts a hand on each of her hips while she holds onto his shoulders with one hand and steers his cock to her pussy with the other. Slowly, gently she sinks down. Their separate moans merges into one

and the same it feels like, sounds like. She starts to ride him.

With her arms around his shoulders she leans in close again, wanting to be as close to him as she possibly can. He cups her butt with one hand, putting the other to her back to hold her close. He buries his face in her chest again. When he takes her nipple between his lips again while she continues to ride him she makes a falsetto noise she feels it's best they ignore. Or maybe not as it seems to spur him on further as he suckles the nipple.

"Fuck, Jonathan, I love you so fucking much," she mumbles, running her fingers through his hair while he keeps playing with her nipple and she keeps riding his cock.

It's just perfection, it's bliss, being with him. She wants to always be this close to him. Always be in his arms, in his lap. Moaning in tandem with him as they together climb higher and higher and higher until they reach a plateau where all is right with the world because the whole entire world is just them, only them and they are together like this.

They cum together like a damn dirty Beatles song. Her pussy squeezing around his cock, squeezing every last drop out of him. She remains in his lap after as they pant together, clinging to each other.

"You're the best," she eventually gets out.

He cups her cheek and gives her a sweet kiss.

"You are."